What ſhould I doe, to make him know I love him,
For I would faine enjoy him? Say I ventur'd
To ſet him free? what ſaies the law then? Thus much
For Law, or kindred: I will doe it,
And this night, or to morrow he ſhall love me. *Exit.*

Scæna 4. *Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.*

This ſhort floriſh of Cornets and Showtes within.

Theſ. You have done worthily; I have not ſeene
Since *Hercules*, a man of tougher ſynewes;
What ere you are, you run the beſt, and wraſtle,
That theſe times can allow.
Arcite. I am proud to pleaſe you.
Theſ. What Countrie bred you?
Arcite. This; but far off, Prince.
Theſ. Are you a Gentleman?
Arcite. My father ſaid ſo;
And to thoſe gentle uſes gave me life.
Theſ. Are you his heire?
Arcite. His yongeſt Sir.
Theſ. Your Father
Sure is a happy Sire then: what prooves you?
Arcite. A little of all noble Quallities:
I could have kept a Hawke, and well have holloa'd
To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praiſe
My feat in horſemanſhip; yet they that knew me
Would ſay it was my beſt peece: laſt, and greateſt,
I would be thought a Souldier.
Theſ. You are perfect.
Pirith. Vpon my ſoule, a proper man.
Emilia. He is ſo.
Per. How doe you like him Ladie?
Hip. I admire him,
I have not ſeene ſo yong a man, ſo noble
(If he ſay true,) of his ſort.
Emil. Beleeve,
His mother was a wondrous handſome woman,
His face me thinkes, goes that way.
Hyp. But his Body

And firie minde, illuſtrate a brave Father.
Per. Marke how his vertue, like a hidden Sun
Breakes through his baſer garments.
Hyp. Hee's well got ſure.
Theſ. What made you ſeeke this place Sir?
Arc. Noble *Theſeus*,
To purchaſe name, and doe my ableſt ſervice
To ſuch a well-found wonder, as thy worth,
For onely in thy Court, of all the world
dwells faire-eyd honor.
Per. All his words are worthy.
Theſ. Sir, we are much endebted to your travell,
Nor ſhall you looſe your wiſh: *Perithous*
Diſpoſe of this faire Gentleman.
Perith. Thankes *Theſeus*.
What ere you are y'ar mine, and I ſhall give you
To a moſt noble ſervice, to this Lady,
This bright yong Virgin; pray obſerve her goodneſſe;
You have honourd hir faire birth-day, with your vertues,
And as your due y'ar hirs: kiſſe her faire hand Sir.
Arc. Sir, y'ar a noble Giver: deareſt Bewtie,
Thus let me ſeale my vowd faith: when your Servant
(Your moſt unworthie Creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he ſhall.
Emil. That were too cruell.
If you deſerve well Sir; I ſhall ſoone ſee't: (you.
Y'ar mine, and ſomewhat better than your rancke Ile uſe
Per. Ile ſee you furniſh'd, and becauſe you ſay
You are a horſeman, I muſt needs intreat you
This after noone to ride, but tis a rough one.
Arc. I like him better (Prince) I ſhall not then
Freeze in my Saddle.
Theſ. Sweet, you muſt be readie,
And you *Emilia*, and you (Friend) and all
To morrow by the Sun, to doe obſervance
To flowry May, in *Dians* wood: waite well Sir
Vpon your Miſtris: *Emely*, I hope
He ſhall not goe a foote.